

THE NORTH YORK SENTINEL.

"NO PLACE SHOULD BE DEARER TO US THAN OUR OWN COUNTRY."

VOLUME 1.-NO. 41.

NEWMARKET, NORTH YORK, CANADA WEST, THURSDAY MORNING, SEPT 25, 1856.

PRICE-S1 1-2 PER ANNUM.

DIRECTORY.

RAILROAD TIME, NEWMARKET

For the information of our Subscribers we publish the Time Table of the Northern Railroad Passenger Trains leaving Newmarket, going both North and South:-

ACCOMMODATION TRAINS:	
Going South.....	8.30 A.M.
North.....	6.50 P.M.
MAIL TRAINS:	
Going South.....	8.30 P.M.
North.....	8.30 A.M.

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Jan. 2, 1856. 345.

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N. B. APPRENTICES WANTED.
Newmarket Dec. 18, 1855 191

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The Canadian Review, a monthly paper occupied with reviews of and extracts from New Books, and the Canadian Messenger and Journal of Missions, also a monthly paper, will both be sent without charge to subscribers for the Montreal Witness.

The Witness is published on Wednesday morning in time for the early mail, and the price per annum is 12s 6d, if sent to the office strictly in advance, 10s. Five copies will be sent to one address for 88. All other communications to be post-paid and addressed,
JOHN DOUGALL,
Witness Office, Montreal.

Jan. 2, 1856. 3

POETRY.

THIS HISTORY OF LIFE.

I saw an infant in its mother's arms,
And left it sleeping,
Years passed-I saw a girl with woman's charms
In sorrow weeping.

Years passed-I saw a mother mourn her child,
And stood before her;
Years brought me back-yet thro' her tears she smiled
In deeper anguish.

I left her-years had vanished-I returned
And stood before her;
A lamp beside the childless widow burn'd,
Grief's mantle o'er her.

In tears I found her whom I left in tears,
On God relying;
And I returned again in after years,
And found her dying.

An infant first, and then a maiden fair-
A wife-a mother-
And then a childless widow in despair;
Thus met a brother.

And thus we meet on earth, and thus we part,
To meet-O, never I
'Till death behold the spirit leave the heart,
To live forever I

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Only Son.

A THRILLING STORY.

One fine summer morning as I was riding with a friend through a handsome village in the centre of " " and admiring the beauties he pointed out to me, with all the pride of the "oldest inhabitant," my attention was attracted by an aged couple, dressed in deep mourning, who were walking slowly down a shaded avenue, in front of one of the most beautiful residences in the place.

The feeble steps of the old lady who leaned heavily upon the arm of her companion, and the expression of deep and lasting sorrow which possessed her thin pallid features contrasted with the firm tread and stern solemn aspect of the old man, awoke my curiosity, and I inquired if there was not some domestic history of interest connected with this venerable couple.

"There is indeed," replied my friend.-"You recall to my mind one of the most singular instances-the most thrilling tragedy, in short, which our goodly village ever witnessed."

"That old and sorrow-stricken couple, pursued my friend, may be seen twice or three times a week; oftener when the weather is fine-walking down the avenue in just such a manner-never any faster-never any slower."

You see them getting into the carriage which has just rolled up to the gate. They will ride a mile, when the carriage will stop, and they will walk through another gate of iron, hanging between posts of iron, all black as ebony. They will enter a green field where the birds sing sweetly these fine mornings, a lonely field however, where there are a great many inhabitants-the rich and poor intermingled, and resting on the same levels about four feet beneath the sod.

This aged couple are going to visit the grave of their only child.

It was a son. I will tell you his history if you will listen.

This old man was once the most enterprising, the boldest and most resolute man in the city. His name is Col. H.-

You have heard of him for people said he was made of iron. Yet he has one of the most upright and generous hearts in the world.

The old lady I remember as a lady of beauty no more than twenty years ago, when she was about forty. Besides she was quite as celebrated for her gentleness and benevolence as the Colonel with his iron will.

She had a soft affectionate heart, which shone beneficently on all until its warmth was concentrated on an only child.

He was a wild, handsome, passionate boy, generous at times, but often tyrannical and wilful. We were schoolmates and we always played together, until he was sent to an academy, when our intimacy ceased.

I saw him rarely afterwards, until having been expelled from college for striking a professor in a fit of passion, he returned to his father's house.

Morgan in his childhood was caressed by his fond mother, but his father treated him with undue severity. The Colonel loved his boy, but he believed in the necessity of discipline to curb his passions, while Mrs. H. weeping over the stern treatment of her darling, endeavored to make up for it in indulgences. Then the boy grew up to fear his father and to feel a contempt for the authority of his mother.

Well, on Morgan's return from college in disgrace, he was so changed that you would hardly have known him; not so much in personal appearance, for he was still handsome, but his manners. All I need say is he had earned the reputation of being the most reckless and dissipated fellow in college.

Col. H. was terribly enraged at the disgrace his wild son had brought upon himself and family. He treated him with greater severity than ever, refusing to gratify his love of pleasure by furnishing him with the necessary funds, and subjecting him to most rigid discipline.

The result was, father and son had a terrible quarrel, in which the latter boldly facing the Colonel's wrath, proved himself to have imitated his iron will, if not his fearlessness of character.

On that very day Morgan left his father's house, and took up his residence at the hotel to the great distress of Mrs. H. who from that time never saw a happy day.

These events occurred twelve years ago. I don't know that the young man ever entered the house but once afterwards, except to see his mother in the absence of the Colonel, and to obtain the funds she tried to spare him out of her own allowance. Morgan wished to go abroad. But to travel

very extensively required more money than Mrs. H. had at her command, and all her efforts to induce the Colonel to grant a supply for the purpose were in vain. She might as well have asked the sea to deliver up its riches. Enraged at the ill success of her application, Morgan resolved to see his father himself, and by some means procure the amount he was desperately resolved to have.

Learning one day that the Colonel had received a large sum of money from the sale of some land, Morgan thought it a fine opportunity to descend on the paternal purse, and so he called on the old gentleman before he had time to use the money, or deposit it in the bank.

A domestic in the family who admitted Morgan, states that the Colonel was in his study, and that there was a bundle of bills on the table when the young man entered.

The Colonel's countenance never changed as he looked up and saw his son standing before him; and when he spoke, his words came forth cold and hard, as if his throat had been of marble.

"What is your business sir?"

Morgan returned his father's stern look with an unflinching gaze. He replied:

"I came to prefer a claim."

At the word "claim" the Colonel sneered, but said nothing.

"I desire to travel," pursued Morgan, as if he had been talking to an equal, "it can be no advantage to keep me in sight of your door which is shut against me, and within the door of your garden and orchards which I cannot enjoy. You will not refuse then, I hope, to supply me with funds that will enable me to see something of the world and establish myself abroad."

"If this is all your business," said the Colonel, in a deep tone, "the sooner you go the better," and taking the bundle of bills he locked it up in his desk with a firm hand.

"I thought you had more judgment than to come to me on such a fool's errand. So what you knew it was impossible to obtain by pleading, you hoped to draw from me by the impudence of a claim! Go, I say boy! not a dollar of my money shall pass into your hands until you have submitted to my authority, which you have so lately despised."

Morgan's eyes flashed fire. The domestic who watched him from the door, declared she thought from the grinding of his teeth, and the clenching of his fists that he was going to strike his father.

Without giving way to his passions however, the young man turned upon his heel, passed out of the door, and never stopped to speak to his distressed mother, and mounted his horse and rode off to the hotel.

Mrs. H. flew to her husband, and clasped her hands in agony, prayed that he would call the young man back, speak to him no longer in stern and chilling tone but kindly and fatherly, and effect a reconciliation.

"Good Heaven!" murmured the Colonel, passionately, "am I to stoop and let him triumph! When he comes to me with an air of impudence, which is insupportable, am I to bend to him and beg?"

"No, no," sobbed the wretched woman, "not that. But speak to him kindly. Use persuasion-gentleness."

"With a son!-persuasion! You wrong my patience," exclaimed the Colonel in a husky voice; "leave me."

No more words passed between the parents of the unhappy youth; but during the remainder of the day, the mother was kneeling distressed, and the stern father was ill at ease.

The latter passed a sleepless night-he paced the floor until late, with his brow contracted, and his lips compressed; then he retired, and lay for two hours meditating on some subject which excited his brain. Mrs. H. who was likewise awake, knew too well what the subject was.

Considerably past midnight, the Colonel arose.

"Is anything the matter?" asked his wife.

"I don't know," replied the Colonel, "I thought I heard a sound in the lower part of the house, in the direction of my study. It may be only a cat that has got in there; but I will go down and see."

"I heard something myself," said Mrs. H. "but thought it was outside."

The Colonel had heard more or understood better than his wife. At all events, he had no suspicion of cats-his allusion to them having been merely to avoid alarming him. He remembered that there was a sum of money in his desk, and probably suspected a robbery.

Going noiselessly down stairs and opening the door of the study with a steady hand he heard the noise much louder than before. He stepped cautiously into the room. It was a star-light night, and turning his eyes to the window from which the noise appeared to proceed, he discovered a dim shadow moving in the curtain.

At the moment the noise ceased, the Colonel stood motionless in the corner of the room, until he recommenced, when reaching for a heavy sword which hung against the wall, he slowly drew it from the scabbard.

The Colonel then stationed himself near the window; but no sooner had he done so than the grating noise ceased again. After another silence, he heard a noise like the breaking of glass; and immediately after the curtain was moved aside by invisible hands.

The darkness, the loneliness of the chamber, and the mystery of the dim shadow on the curtain, would have shaken the nerves of a man of less coolness and courage than the Colonel. Determined to take the robber dead or alive, he calmly waited for him to enter the room. But presently to his dismay, he heard footsteps coming down stairs. Some domestic, or out-door laborer had evidently heard the sounds, and was coming to learn their origin. Perceiving that this must frighten the robber, the Colonel was revolving in his mind what he should do to effect his object, when the hand that moved the curtain became visible

It was groping along the window frames for the spring. Rapid as lightning, yet noiselessly unseen the old broadsword swept over the Colonel's head, and struck deep in the wood-work of the window. There was a stifled cry-a heavy fall-and the curtain fell back to its place.

Rushing to the window the Colonel threw it open and looked out. He could see nothing however, owing to the darkness, and as shutting it again, he hastened to procure a light.

As he burst into the hall a laborer by the name of Jones, who slept in the house appeared at the foot of the stairs.

"Good heavens! Colonel is that you?" cried Jones, who appeared agitated with terror. "What is the matter?"

He extended his hand as a light shone upon it. Jones must have been frightened terribly, seeing that it was covered with blood. Starting back he dropped the lamp which was broken into pieces on the floor.

The Colonel hastened up stairs for the lamp in his chamber. Mrs. H. hearing the strange sounds, and alarmed at the protracted absence of her husband, had already risen and struck a light. As the Colonel took it from her hand, she saw the blood on his arm and uttered a cry of horror.

"It is nothing," said the Colonel; "a robber was climbing in at the window, and I have been scratched by him."

He entered the study followed by Jones who shuddered at the scene which met his eyes. There was blood on the curtain and the Colonel's chair which stood by it, and on the wall. Across the desk, where the Colonel had placed it lay the broadsword stained with blood.

Something on the carpet under the window attracted the eye of Jones. He stooped to pick it up-but started back with a suppressed cry. It was a human hand!

The Colonel picked it up and held it by the lifeless fingers. It was warm and dripping with blood. It had been cut off at the wrist.

Suddenly the Colonel turned pale. Wrapping the member in his handkerchief, he seized the light and rushed up stairs.

"For heaven's sake," he cried, with strange agitation, "tell me if you know this. It is no time to stand upon ceremony, look!"

Mrs. H. started back with horror! but in an instant, turning deadly pale, she bent eagerly forward, gazed at a moment at the hand, and with a shriek, fell lifeless on the floor.

The Colonel rushed out, and met Jones on the stairs.

"Raise no alarm," he said in a husky tone. "Go and saddle my horse, bring him to the door. Quick!"

As soon as Jones had disappeared, the Colonel went out to see if he could discover any trace of the robber. There was nothing left but blood, which had gushed out in the grass like rain. The robber was gone.

Mounting his horse, and again charging Jones to alarm no one, the Colonel rode to the hotel.

Thundering at the door for a few moments, he succeeded in bringing the waiter, who admitted him, staring in stupid wonder to see young Morgan's father arrive at such a time and with so ghastly a face.

"Is Morgan H. within?" demanded the Colonel.

"I think he is. I saw him here in the evening," was the reply. "Shall I go up and see?"

"Show me his room," said the Colonel, striding into the hall.

The waiter preceded him up stairs. Hearing a suppressed groan, he looked around. The Colonel's hand was pressed upon his brow, and his eyes fixed upon a dark spot upon the floor.

"What is that?" asked the waiter.

"Go on!" muttered the Colonel in so savage and husky a voice, that it had about the same effect as a sharp bayonet in sending the waiter forward.

They reached the door of Morgan's room. The Colonel rapped the latch with an iron hand, but the door did not yield. Then with his feet he thundered against the panel. No sound came from within.

"He is not in!" suggested the waiter.

With a rapid movement the Colonel held the lamp to the key-hole. The point of the key was visible. The door was locked from the inside.

"Leave me," commanded the Colonel turning to the waiter.

Then placing his mouth near the door, he said "Morgan I am alone-let me in. It is your father that speaks!"

At that moment, a sharp concussion, like the report of a pistol, sounded within the room. Then some heavy body fell to the floor.

The Colonel staggered against the banister, and the waiter, who was watching him below, ran up, crying murder, thinking he was shot.

"Hush!" said the Colonel in a calm voice, standing erect, pale as death, before the waiter. "Go for an axe or bar. The door must be broken open."

In a few moments the door was forced and the Colonel, followed by the landlord and others, rushed into the room.

"Horror!" ejaculated the waiter, "he has cut off his right hand!"

"And blown out his brains!" added the landlord.

The Colonel looked on the ghastly, distorted face. It was his only son. He was a corpse!

Everybody thought that the calamity would kill Mrs. H., but you see her now a feeble, sorrow-stricken woman, who never leaves her room, except to visit the grave of the suicide.

The Colonel is a different man. Since the tragedy he has never been known to smile. He stands like a withered oak, dry and stiff, yet strong in his decay.

We rode to the burying ground. We were coming to enter and looked at the tomb stone of erring youth, but I shrank from disturbing the contemplation of the mourners.

Mrs. H. was bent over the marble slab

and shedding tears which ran down her face like rain. The Colonel stood near her erect, his arms folded on his chest, and his cold grey eyes fixed on the grave with a look of speechless grief. We left them alone with their dead.

Honest Poverty Rewarded.

Sarah Goodwin was the name of a poor seamstress, residing in " " She was not wholly friendless, but those whom she knew, and who would have aided her in her struggles, were very poor and could not. So she, a widow with four boys, from the ages of four to nine years, struggled through winter's cold and summer's heat, providing her little family with bread, and that was all.

Meat and luxuries were denied Sarah Goodwin and her boys. The latter were good children, always in their homes at nightfall, and giving their mother every cent of their earnings, as often as the found work to do.

At last the mother fell sick, and through a weary illness she had no other attendance save the occasional help of a neighbor, and the constant aid of her poor little boys.

They were never from her side, and it was touching to behold their sympathy, their gentle ministrations; every body prophesied that they would be blessed in coming years for their thoughtfulness and kindness to their mother.

The widow recovered, but it was now the heart of a bitter winter and their stock of fuel was nearly gone. As soon as her strength permitted, she walked through the cold of a cheerless day to the shop of her employer, and told him her pitiful story. But times were hard; her illness had made room for others as destitute as herself; in fine, they had not one stitch of work for her.

With a sinking heart, but trying to keep her courage up, the poor woman told on from shop to shop until it became late, and with her tears and the darkness she could hardly see her way home.

"If Mr. Heart himself had been there," she soliloquized, bending to the strong wind, and drawing her scanty shawl closer about her form, "I know he would give me work."

As she whispered this through her chattering teeth, a tall man, with long grey beard, passed by her, and as he did so, something fell to the sidewalk and lay upon the crusty snow. Sarah paused; she heard the noise made by the little packet, and a mysterious impression led her to search for it. Oh, joy! it was a purse, heavy, and filled to the brim; yellow and shining laid the gold within its strong meshes, as she carried it towards a lighted window.

Suddenly, like a flash of lightning, she thought occurred to Sarah that not one cent of the new found treasure was honestly hers. But a moment she lingered, pressing the money with her benumbed fingers, the sorrowful tears chasing down her thin cheeks, then starting forward to find the owner of the purse, she walked hurriedly up the street, fearful that the temptation should she arrive at her poor room and see her hungry children, might prove too strong for her integrity.

Opposite to the great hotel, as she stood hesitating what way to take, she saw the stranger enter. She knew him by his long singular beard; and timidly crossing the street, she made her way into the billiard hall, and there, bewildered by the light, she knew not what to say, until twice asked by the servant what she wanted. Of course she could not do more than describe the stranger by his tall stature and strange appearance. But he had already gone out, she must call on the morrow, he said, and ask for Mr. Ashcroft.

The next morning, having eaten nothing, for she could not touch a farthing of the gold, she was admitted into a room where sat the stranger. He arose as she entered, and gazed, with a curious air, till she presented the purse. Then he started with pleased surprise, laid down his papers, took the gold and deliberately counted it over.

"It is all safe," he said, "you have not taken."

"Not a piece, sir," she cried eagerly trembling as she spoke.

"You seem poor," remarked the stranger carelessly.

"I am poor," she replied.

"Got a family, I suppose?"

"Four little boys, sir; I am a widow, sir."

"Humph, humph, so I supposed-that's the old story."

"Ask Mr. Hart, the tailor," said the widow, stepping forward a little; "he knows if I am poor, I am honest."

A bright red spot burnt on her cheeks as he spoke, and she forced back the tears.

"Now confess," said the stranger, rising and walking to and fro before the fire, "that you expected a large reward for this."

"I did think, perhaps," and she turned with quivering lips towards the door.

"Stop, stop," cried the stranger, "you know that you would never have returned the purse had you not expected to get paid for it."

"Sir," said the widow, her tone indignant, her thin form towering, and oh, the withering rebuke in her voice and manner.

The stranger paused, holding the purse in his hand; then drawing forth the smallest possible coin that it contained, offered it to her.

For a moment she drew back, but then remembering that her boys were hungry at home, and in bed because there was no fire, she burst into tears as she took it, saying:

"This will buy bread for my poor children," and hurrying away, she buried the bitterness of that morning in her own heart.

It was four o'clock on the same day, Sarah Goodwin sat by a scanty fire, busy in sewing patches on the very poor clothes of her boys.

"Run, to the door, Jimmy," she said to the eldest, as a loud knock was heard.

"Oh, mother," the boy cried, returning "a big bundle for us! What is it? What can it be?"

"Work for me, perhaps," murmured the widow; untying the large package, which suddenly there came to light, new clothes and shining caps, each suit fitting exactly to the dimensions of her boys. Almost paralyzed with astonishment, the widow remained on her knees, her eyes rivetted on the words: "A present for the fatherless," while the boys appropriating their wardrobes danced about the floor.

"What's in the pocket here, what's in the pocket?" cried Jimmy, thrusting his hands into that receptacle, when, lo! out came the very purse of gold the widow had returned that morning.

A scene of joyous confusion followed, and the voice of prayer ascended from Sarah Goodwin's full heart. Again and again she counted the glittering treasure. Five hundred dollars, it seemed an almost endless fortune. How her heart ran over with gratitude to God and to the stranger.

She could not rest, till throwing on her bonnet, with cheeks now glowing with hope and happiness, she ran to the hotel to pour forth her thanks.

A carriage stood at the door, laden with trunks behind. The driver mounted the seat as she reached the steps; and turning her head, there, within, sat the mysterious stranger with the long beard. She had not time to speak, but he nodded his head as he saw her with clasped hands standing there, her very face seeming a prayer embodied.

Sarah never saw the eccentric stranger again.

The Recorder of this City also holds quite a number of other offices and is frequently absent in attending to his duties as a Legislative Councillor. So frequently indeed is the duties of Recorder neglected that the Corporation unanimously petitioned for his dismissal from office, and the Governor General, in answer to the Corporation, that the explanations of Mr. Brown are not satisfactory, and that his answer did not prove to the satisfaction of the City Council, at a meeting on the 8th inst., passed the following resolution by a vote of 22 against 2:—

"That a respectful address be forwarded to His Excellency the Governor General, expressing the dissatisfaction felt by this Council with the letter written by command of His Excellency in answer to the respectful petition of the Mayor, Aldermen and citizens of Montreal, calling the attention of His Excellency to the unsatisfactory manner in which the duties of Recorder of the city were attended to, and requesting that His Excellency will be pleased to order that a copy of the alleged explanations given by that functionary be transmitted to this Council, and that His Excellency be informed that the obstacles to the proper discharge of the duties of his office, by the present Recorder, remain with undiminished force?"

What will his Excellency say to this?

Our next War.

Alexander the Great of Macedon, having overrun Persia, was driven back when he attempted to add India to his list of conquered nations. Is the same fate destined for Alexander the Little—Emperor of Russia? There are prophets who tell us so. While on our travels in the course of the past week we had the honor and pleasure of enjoying a couple of hours' interesting conversation with a general officer who has not only achieved an European reputation as one of the bravest of the brave, but who has during his long service fought and bled in many a battle on the soil of our Eastern Empire. As topic after topic came under discussion, we asked him if the opinion in his circle was that we should have a long peace. "Decidedly not," was his short but emphatic reply. "With whom are we likely to see go to war? We inquired in some degree of astonishment. "With Russia again," was the rejoinder. "On what field, and why?" "In the East, and for our own dominions." "Are you then, one of those who believe that the Russians will attack us in India?" "No—we shall attack them. They are interfering and will interfere more in the affairs of Persia. Presently they will enter that country in force. We shall not allow it. We shall defend them, and if they do not, we shall drive them out. This was certainly a very sharp, short and decisive view of the case. But we were assured, upon further conversation, that it was the accepted and assured opinion, not only of military circles, but of all circles in Indian society, and the consummation is regarded as about to take place at a very early period, and, moreover, is looked at without the smallest anxiety of alarm by all classes of our Eastern population, contempt for Russian progress being the universal feeling. We must therefore be watchful and vigilant that the numerous Cossacks may gain no advantage over us nearer England. Our forefathers used to say that, however matters were arranged at home there was no peace with Spaniards beyond the line. But things are not so now. War in the East means war in the West also. There cannot be fighting on the Indus and peace in the Baltic. When the shouts of our defending armies are heard beneath the walls of our cities, that shout will reach St. Petersburg itself. Our rulers must therefore keep a watchful eye upon the north as well as the southern extremity of Russia. We may depend upon it that we have an enemy there who will strike the very moment it is known that we are off our guard. Eat to be forewarned is to be forearmed. Whatever our Indian prophets may foretell, every Russian movement in that direction will be measured by our strength at home. Our safety there is to be settled here.—*Liverpool Times.*

Brown's Dinner in Simcoe.

The *Colonist* says:—"This dinner conveys two lessons which are well worth noting.—We remember Mr. Brown, when his paper supported the Lafontaine Government delivering a lecture in Hamilton, which was attended by just fourteen persons. Yet it was upon a subject with which he was most familiar, and was infinitely better written than any other which he writes now—Parliamentary reform. He was then a man of letters and was even spoken of by Mr. Hincks in Parliament as the coming man for the treasury benches. Yet though basking in all his sunshine of Ministerial and vice-regal favor, he could command but an audience of fourteen in the spirited City of Hamilton. The other day he was feasted by upwards of four hundred in the most tory constituency in Western Canada. The reason must be obvious to all men. That day, when he was a member of the Ministry, there was no body in the public estimation. Mr. Brown, when he was thought to be mainly and truthfully to Upper Canada, became respected, sympathized with and honored as we have narrated.

The other notable matter is, that Tories should love George Brown more than their former leaders, who are in the present Government. The fact is a most disagreeable one for us tories, but it is nevertheless true. George Brown is cheered by many and by honorable and influential Conservatives, where the Hon. John A. Macdonald's name was not heard. And Mr. Gould was allowed to bore an audience who would have refused to acknowledge Mr. Vankoughnet as a prophet. For our own part, we have all along looked forward to this consummation. Mr. Vankoughnet, by his own admission, was not constitutionally and rightfully condemned, invited the censure which is embodied in the Brown dinner. And Mr. Macdonald, from the first day he entered into the coalition government, began sowing the seeds of dissatisfaction, which now exhibit such disagreeable and ominous fruits.

It now appears that Russia has only postponed the matter of Serpent's Island. After the settlement of the boundary and other questions, and when the Paris Conference comes to wind up its proceedings, a claim will be put forward by Russia for possession of this disputed island. It suits the Czars' English friends to marvel at all this hubbub about this rocky islet which is worthless and rather a nuisance than anything else; but they forget to inform us why, if Fidoism is so valueless and insignificant, Russia should so persistently desire and claim it. It is quite sufficient for the allies to exhibit no greater anxiety for the cession than heretofore, and to let Russia take her own late adversity does for it. It is not a question of Russian revolution that may have taken on the our hand is justified by that which Russia has taken on the other.—It is impossible, however, that the Allies should yield up to Russia such a stepping stone for aggression. The Czar must be prepared to abandon Serpent's Island, for the sake of his own honor and national hankering. It is a most indignant attempt to regain a footing in the Black Sea, and one which cannot for a moment be tolerated.

1. The first step in the process is to identify the problem or issue that needs to be addressed. This involves gathering information and understanding the context of the problem.

FOR SALE.
THAT VALUABLE PROPERTY KNOWN AS
SIMPSON'S BREWERY,
With the Land and Buildings adjoining.

The above property is situated in the town of Newmarket adjacent to the Railway station, having a frontage of 201 feet on Ontario and Mill streets, and is admirably adapted for laying out into town lots. There is an excellent barn and stable on the premises. The material of the brewery being of the best description would be very valuable for building purposes. The Newmarket creek washes the eastern side of the lot, which is also well supplied with water, and the location is one of the best for a brewery distillery or foundry. Terms of sale, liberal. For particulars apply to

A. DOULTREE, H. CAWTHRA,
Solicitor, Newmarket. Toronto.

207 All parties are hereby cautioned against removing the bricks or other material from the said premises, without permission of the above parties.

Newmarket August 28th 1872. 2107

DR. E. C. EDMONDS,
Surgeon-Dentist.

HEREBY informs the Public, that he will
 be staying at
 McLeod's Hotel, Aurora, the 13 and 14th of
 each month.
 Hewitt's, Newmarket, the 16th and 17th do.
 McDonald's, Bradford, the 21st and 22nd do.
 J. Boddy's, Bond Head, the 23rd and 24th do.
 R. Parker's Store, Clarksonville, the 26th of
 May, July, September, November, Janu-
 ary, and March.
 Henry Stone's do, Penville, the 27th do.
 W. Moore's do, Brownsville, the 28th do.
 Mrs. Steady, Lloydton, the last do.
 Mansion House, Sharon, the 15th of June,
 August, October, December, February,
 and April.
 _____, Queen'sville, the 19th do., &c.
 Where he may be consulted in all cases re-
 lative to his profession.

19y1

west half of Lot No. 4, in the 2d concession of King, (formerly old survey We Gwillimbury,) containing 100 acres, 75 of which are cleared and under good cultivation.

Title indisputable.

TERMS.—One-third down.

For further particulars apply, if by letter (on stip) to the proprietor.

F. F. MCARTHUR,
Bowmansville.

June 16, 1856. 3117

TO INTENDING PURCHASERS.

INDIAN LANDS.

PLANS of the above Lands on a large Scale showing the Lots, Concessions, Roads, Creeks, Swamps, &c., &c. have been published by the undersigned, who are the proprietors of the Indian Department, and will be for sale in a few Days at the principal Book Stores throughout the Province.

The Maps have been got up in two parts, and I use best colored Paper, and Little's printing containing the following description of the Lands to be sold for Township in each, and will be sold for the

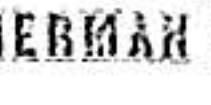
price of five shillings each. Sheep, at ten shilling the complete Map.

Applications by Mail, Post-paid, enclosing the number of copies required, and enclosing the necessary amount, will be promptly answered by remittance to the Publisher.

Address:—
DENNIS & BOULTON,
 Surveyors & Agents,
 Toronto, August 4, 1876.

237 All papers in Canada West to publish for one month and send accounts to Dennis & Boulton.

STEAMERS
ZIMMERMAN & PEERLESS



CONNECTING AT NIAGARA WITH LINE & ONTARIO R.R.
WILL sail on and after **THURSDAY May 22nd 1876**, leave Toronto **TRI-DAILY**, for Niagara, (Sundays excepted,) as follows:

Leaves Toronto at	7 00 a. m.
" "	12 00 noon.
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Connecting at Niagara with Trains on Erie and Ontario Railroad for Suspension Bridge.

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Steamer ZIMMERMAN will leave Brown
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GEORGE B. REDFIELD,
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Toronto, May 22, 1856.

style, writes me, will always be glad to supply his patrons with

FRESH OYSTERS,
Prepared to suit the varied taste of the mi-
lition and at most reasonable rates.
Newmarket, Dec. 18, 1855.

Dr. Hackett
HAS Removed to Garbutt Hill, in the house
formerly occupied by Dr. Pyne.
Newmarket, May 7th, 1855.

FOR SALE.
VILLAGE LOTS 7 and 8 of Goshalps-
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terms. For further particulars apply to
A. BOULTBEE, Newmarket.
May 31, 1856.


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NEW-MARKET, NEWCASTLE.

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Materials for building furnished when required.

Doors, Sash, Flooring, and Seasoned Lumber, kept on hand.

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